

A FEW COMPARISONS

IN the Ohio and Missouri river valleys, people are climbing hills to escape floods caused by formation of ice gorges and melting of the snow. Here on the Plains of Texas you are enjoying floods of sunshine.

Throughout the East and Middle west people are battling with snowdrifts and blizzards, burning high priced coal ==when it is to be obtained==often shivering through days of a coal famine, during which the bitter cold claims many victims. Here you farmers are turning up the rich prairie soil preparing for the summer's crops. While the first mentioned are pouring grain and feed into



their horses, simply to combat the cold and inclement weather, **YOU** are obtaining returns from your horses, by daily work on your farms. While they are striving to bring their young stock through the winter, in as good condition as when the cold weather came upon them, **YOUR** young stock is making daily and rapid strides in thrifty growth. There the wheels of accomplishment are blocked for six months of the year by snow and cold. Here you have a climate which permits work on your lands each month in the year. Your crops will favorably compare with, and in many cases surpass, their crops, but their climate will in no way compare with that of the Pandandle.

Keiser Brothers & Phillips

Canyon City, Texas.

Keota, Iowa.

Redkey, Indiana.

Wayside News.

There was a very small attendance at Sunday School last Sunday.

A good crowd attended the Literary Friday night. A good program was well carried out. The question for debate two weeks hence will be, "Which is the most destructive, fire or water?" W. H. Panton, Leo Beasley and Cecil Phillips on the affirmative; Mr. Adams, Walter Helms and Clyde Hopkins on the negative side.

Our school at Beula progressing nicely and unusual interest manifested by a number of the pupils. Thanks to the efforts of encouragement by both teachers. We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Richard's health is not the best.

Mrs. Ida Sluder, Jim and Grace visited Mrs. S. J. McGehee last Friday night and Saturday.

W. H. Hamblen and Will Franklin were callers at Rev. Coleman's last Sunday.

G. W. Mayo went to Happy Monday.

Enoch Wilson made a business trip to Canyon Monday.

The sale of H. H. Saul came off last Wednesday. The poor prices that most of the things brought shows that there is a scarcity of money hereabouts.

Quite a number of men dipped cattle at M. L. McGehee's last week.

TEDDIE.

Umbarger, Texas.

J. Findley was an Amarillo visitor Monday.

Leo Stoker and wife spent Monday in Canyon.

John Connor paid Canyon a visit Wednesday.

Ed January from Cedar Edge,

Colo. who spent this week here looking at the country returned to his home Wednesday. He expressed himself as being well pleased with this country.

H. Breckenridge was in Canyon Wednesday.

Theo. Cochell was down from Hereford Saturday looking after his business interests.

The new hotel in North Umbarger, conducted by H. Eubers, seems in a fair way to be quite a success. It has been kept quite busy since opening.

Mr. Stohl of Elgin, Ill. is spending the week in Umbarger.

H. Engbers has a new barber chair for his shop.

Frank Erdman was a Canyon visitor Tuesday.

Miss Anna Wansley left Sunday to accept a position in Amarillo.

We made a mistake in a news item last week. We should have said that A. Parish and son of Newton, Iowa had moved to the Morgan place. His wife and daughters are expected to arrive Friday.

C. F. Hamilton of Cedar Edge, Colo. who has purchased the Wurster place arrived Sunday.

Chas. Slaughter was a Canyon visitor Tuesday.

Our school reporter informs us that little Miss Helena Friemel has the honor this month of having her name on the Roll of Honor for the entire month.

Some time Saturday night a freight train was wrecked at the Lester switch about four miles east of Umbarger. No one was injured however.

MIRAGE.

Beginning to day we will have fresh vegetables, Fridays, Mondays and Wednesdays.

Dawson Bros.

Ralph Notes.

Clay Ross expects to get moved into his new store building by the last of the week.

Most everybody went up to Canyon last Saturday, tax-paying being the main business of the day.

We are glad to note that Mrs. J. M. Craig, after a lingering illness, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Waller entertained their friends on last Saturday night with a social. The good crowd present report a fine time. Refreshments of cake and fruits were served at ten o'clock.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Pack on Monday a fine boy. Mr. Pack's head is somewhat swelled but it is thought that it will be normal again soon.

In our next week's items we will give an estimate of the wheat that is sown within five miles of Ralph.

R. W. Bince was in Canyon last Tuesday. He is running a dray, using his single buggy for draying purposes.

A. L. Roles was in Canyon on business Wednesday.

Harry Upfold is again visiting his sister, Mrs. Sam Wiggins. For some cause it is rather a hard matter to keep him in the country. GUESS WHO.

Help! Help!

Help to make the city better,
Help to make the city clean;
Don't be just a constant fretter,
Add some beauty to the scene;
You may not, indeed, be able
To erect a gleaming dome,
But clean up around your stable,
Beautify your little home.

Help to make the town attractive,
Help to stop the ones who sneer;
It will pay you to be active,

Since your interests are here.
Would your back yard stand inspection?

What about that vacant lot?
Rubbish helps to spread dejection,
Neatness brings the cheerful thought.

Help to make the city fairer,
You can do it if you try.
And you'll be a profit sharer
In the splendid by and by:
Don't forget while you are grumbling
That you might do something more;

Let there be no future stumbling
O'er obstructions at your door.

Help to make the town more splendid,
Do the part you have to do;
There is much that may be mended

Through a little aid from you;
Help decrease the dirt that's blowing,
Help to purify the breeze;

When it happens to be snowing
Clean your sidewalk, if you please.—Ex.

Only a Toiler.

He's nothing but a toiler,
No banners proudly fly
From windows high above the street

When he goes trudging by;
No medal gleams upon his breast
No hats wave in the air,
No eager people line the way
To crowd and crush and push
and sway

Because he passes there.
No happy mother brings her son
To press him by the hand,
And few men when his work is done

Will call him great or grand;
No splendid roster bears his name,
He is not one of those
Who merit praise or win applause
Or gain deserved renown because
They fight their country's foes.

He's nothing but a toiler,
His hopeless face is wan
And from his weary, wasted arms

The strength is nearly gone;
For helpless little ones he strives
Unflinching day by day
Amid destructive fumes that rise

To lure the luster from his eyes
And eat his life away.
There is no shouting in the street,
No bugle's thrilling blare;
He trudges past with aching feet
To do his best somewhere;
He fights disease and faces death,
But no proud steed is his;
He wears no trappings made of brass,
Therefore who turns to watch him pass
Or cares how brave he is?—Ex.

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The Cost of Living.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Pembroke as he sat down to breakfast, "you've got to cut down on our living expenses. We can't afford it. Here you have bacon and eggs—both very expensive luxuries—to say nothing of real cream for the coffee and maple sirup for the pancakes."

"Well, dear, we can't live on air," Mrs. Pembroke replied.

"I know we can't live on air, but we can live on less expensive things than you've got heaped up on the table here this morning. I told you I was to attend the luncheon which is to be given in honor of Mr. Snigley, who has just been appointed consul at Stuttgart, didn't I. That will cost me \$3. And to-night I'm to go to the banquet of the Herkimer County Society, which is to cost \$6 a plate. I could have worried along very well without any breakfast at all. You ought to think of these things."

"I do think of them; but the children are growing and they must have wholesome food. Do you expect to attend a banquet or anything to-morrow?"

"Yes. The Mohawk Marching Club has its annual dinner to-morrow night. That will cost me \$4 more. You simply must cut down, somehow. And on the following evening there is to be the installation of the newly elected officers of the Cy Yipps. That will take another five-spot. How do you suppose I'm going to be able to stand it if you keep on spending money for stuff to eat here at home the way you do? Cut down for heaven's sake. Don't mind me. I can get along with a little inexpensive gruel. I should think you'd exercise some judgment."—Exchange.

The Gilbo-Nielson Company.

Decidedly the best stock company of the season played for three nights at the opera house this week. On Monday night they put on the play entitled "A Gambler's Sweetheart" in which Miss Nielsen, as Bess, did some clever child-acting, also Mr. Gilbo did some good acting as the "Gambler." On Tuesday night they played "A Mountain Wildflower" and the whole company played their parts well, the Irishman, Mr. Hall, with his "Kick, ye devil, kick!" doing the funny stunt to perfection, also pleasing the audience with his dancing.

Wednesday night they put on "Mary Jane at the old Tavern." It was a good play but on account of the weather there were but a few who attended.

Al Simco of Dalhart, who has been in Canyon several days looking up the matter of a grist mill is greatly encouraged with the prospects.